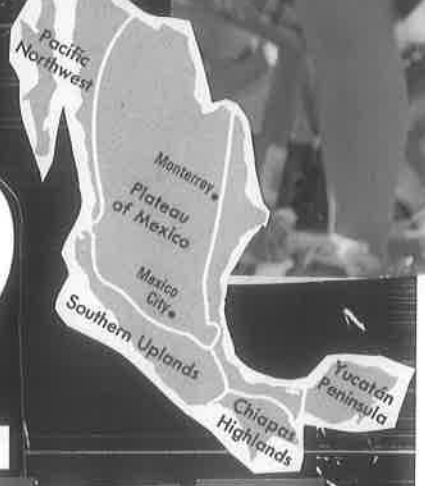


# IN AppropiAted A p p r e s e n t s



his dramatic engraving somewhat exagger-  
ated the British occupation of the city in August 1814.  
The British burned the city's buildings in retaliation.

# AFTER #12 WAL ISSUE



they call

# The IN-APPROPRIATED PRESS #12

A Zine of Weird Shit & letters'n shit for Roanoke's Anti-Community (shit)  
and their weird friends around the world

**mOnocle**  
anti-press

mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press  
A.Da.102 / A.H. 182



Reid Wood  
Stangroom  
Jack Foley  
Warren Fry  
Z-ran  
Featuring:  
Jim Leftwich  
Remedios Varo

Musicmaster

*Butter*

Ivan Argüelles

Shelly Smith

Mim Golub Scalin

John M. Bennett

Anonymous Blokes

*Steve Dalachinsky*

Steve Dalachinsky

Wilhelm Katastrof

Olchar E. Lindsann

Chloe Harnett-Hargrove

Published Despite Your Desires to the Contrary  
in Roanoke, Virginia

July - A.Da. 102/A.H. 188

(2018 A.D. depending on your chronological priorities)



Olchar E. Lindsann

for live avant-performance, see

Art Rat Studios on facebook

monoclelash@gmail.com

Monocle-Lash Anti-Press on facebook

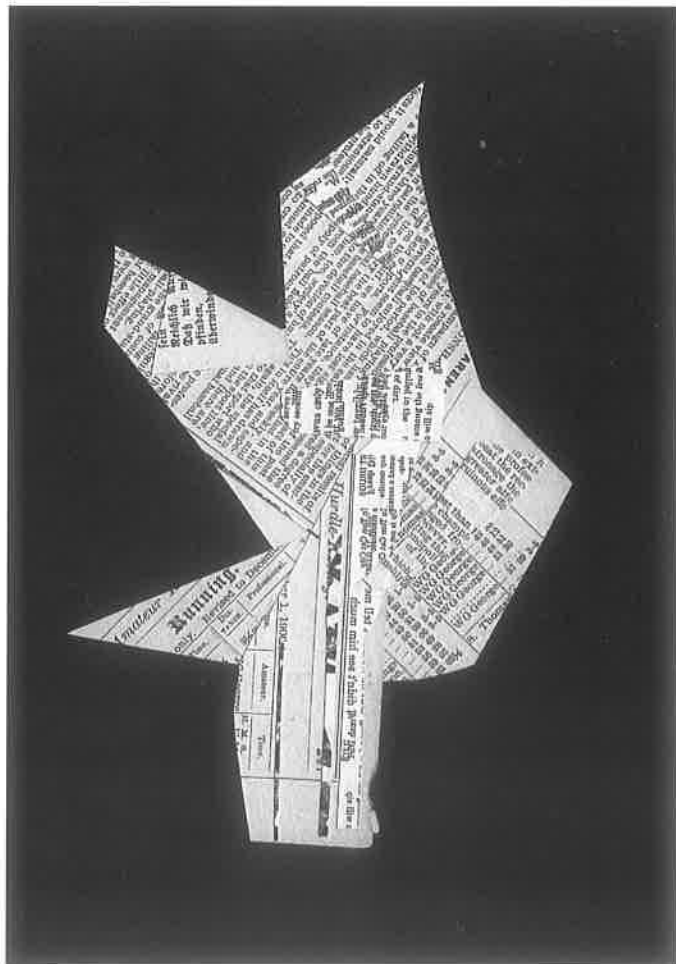
www.sssrdprdpress.com



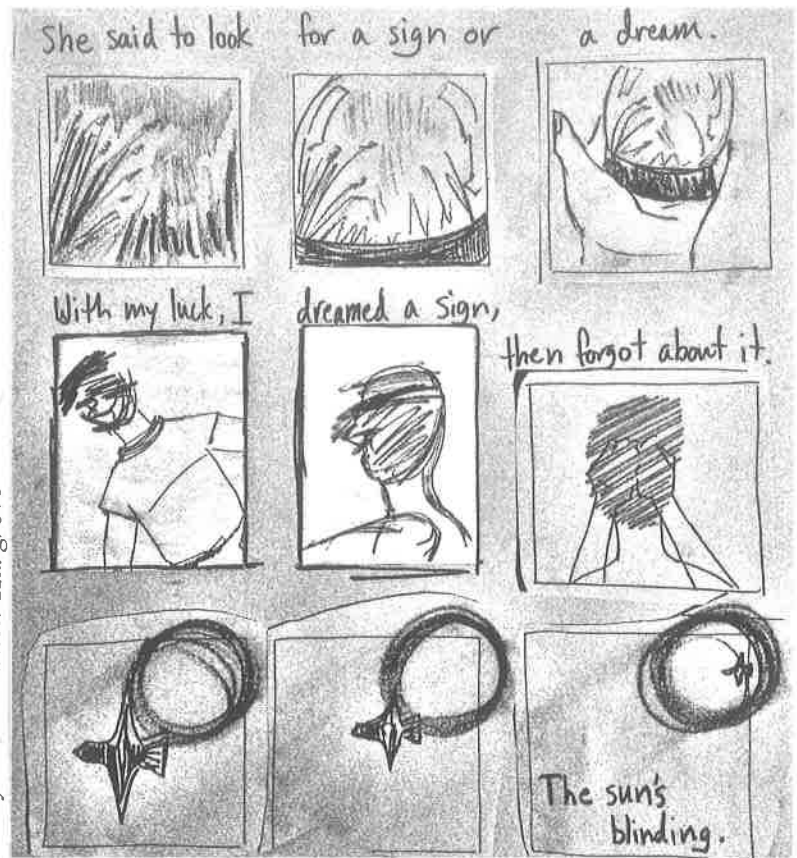
LUNA  
BISONTE  
THE SAME  
PRODS

137 LELAND AVE.  
COLUMBUS OHIO  
43214 U.S.A.

—by Chloe Harnett-Hargrove



—by Musicmaster



## The Phibionite Dance Club

~~~~~+~  
"fla, fla, etc. What does MAR signify? Prec"  
Privat d'Anglemont, Paris Anecdote, 1854.  
~~~~~+~

blink  
wither  
a phibionite  
dance party  
orgymar tis  
mashed as  
meshwork of  
ventricules ,to  
the mechanimar  
national man-  
hunt in the axial  
on faceboomar  
scalp creamtwist  
all over their oil  
y la rifla, la, la  
a dancemar of  
skittlers spine  
suspiciomar  
don't touch  
their handemars  
(of toledo)

— by Olchar E. Lindsann

John M. Bennett  
over a gleaming book  
I shovel the caca  
ripping mouth and  
tumbles at the d  
con peluca guera s  
del reloj .una mierda  
ante la pila ahogada  
me retorno retuerc  
puerta en llamas  
¿ves? se v e la  
me leo al re  
una brisa hay ~  
anco que blanco y  
negra que negra bl  
me echo una jettä  
sleeps shakes  
cave the laundry  
through green  
doubt blown  
run snore re  
pendejo de mierda



Anastasia Clarke – Crystal Penolosa –

Llywelyn Expedition  
Tuesday, June 5 at 7 PM - 11 PM  
at the Art Rat

Public · Hosted by Ralph Eaton

Crystal Penolosa

"I've been developing a style of playing electronics that's very literal, with every action translating to a sonic equivalent. My voice is a primary driver in carrying out a new play style for myself. One of the most useful tools to work on my voice is finding a silent empty room, which can be quite challenging in New York. Being alone in isolation is one of few instances where I can play freely and break down my own personal barriers on expression. The voice styling is contextualized in my music but in practice, they're the same techniques in developing a wider range of pitches for speech."

Solo Rehearsal at Spaceworks in Williamsburg. (03/01/18)

Crystal opened the evening. Voices playing their voice "a useful challenge freely contextualized" – literal and carving is finding -- barriers, or berries in practice. Tomislav told them about the temporary autonomous zone. Crystal told him about noise tools. Autonomous is obvious, a given; temporary is the hard part. We have been translated into style ("a style is a behavior" said Tom Taylor) for our expression (ocular nor pinnacle enchantment) by empty (signifier > emptiness > signified) techniques. At the center of the sign stands the zen master, directing traffic. All emptiness all the time. We are trapped in a multiple present, fortunate to have its refusals to stand still. A beat is a hybrid timestamp, always halfway behind itself. Every action is a new play. Sequences and clusters of notes translate us into sea quenches and clue luster, of no not, the tea is the tea. "How did we get here?" is always the first and the last question. Between those radios and objects chewing, a journey by sea over wheat fields and car horns, younger than the sun impending electricity.

Llywelyn Expedition w/Khate

An undulating drone, maybe twenty minutes of it, no one was counting (there will be a video, which will have counted), time if we remember correctly or closely (capaciously) has not and does not, will not come to us in components, we find ourselves in it if we are fortunate enough to awaken at least potentially outside (without) ourselves. If we tell stories, if we must tell stories (and, indeed, we must -- in fact, we will tell them as if time, has and was, will be discernible (receptacle), muscles, duende up through the feet, a dance of grammar to return us to our place just past the present. They, Wayne and Khate, were -- of a sudden, as it were -- wandering around in costume, preparing the collective psyche, disarray, probably not actual aluminum foil but close enough to confound memories of wrapping food and baking it, warding off alien zapwaves deeper than the sleepless state. Earlier in the evening they had prepared an open quaternary for the seals of a sacred title. Homemade instruments crenelated against a quiet. Pocks and marks from a certain squint, they placed this precisely there, that near here, the others between (isoceles, the pre-thalasian philosopher), to make us think, to invite us towards a thinking (then beckons, as now, The Thin King). A cello, without foil, let's say, to tell the story of melody, how it, tell into disfavor with the king, Order Of Any Kind (OOAK, The Warrior), disbanded, their offshoots and rhizomes (the understory) growing forever after, the growl of the cello in The Jungles of the Rat. I was there. A couple came in, entered through the front door, soon fell into scraps and hats, full suits of faux aluminum foil (to keep the sunwave glints from glancing through their windows) any movement, if moving during music, will at least best be a myth of dance), his head is half of a percussion instrument, in a certain supple kneeling her hair piles on the floor. I can think of Sun Ra if I want to, I thought, slowly and silently in the secret synapses of my mind. Say what you want, write or be written, play your way into the starting line-up, the play's the thing.

Anastasia Clarke, The Reintegration Station at Art Rat Studios.

"A playground where you can explore what power and control really means to you."

Today the afternoon after the show as I was preparing to write something about Anastasia's performance I received a notification from YouTube that screedeycon had posted a video, which turned out to be Ralph's video of Anastasia's performance.

So, today I am for the first time with these reports writing from memories as usual but also writing while watching the video.

Before beginning, she scattered a handful of copper "leaves" or "footprints" onto the floor in front of her table and laptop.

"What I'm doing here is I'm making some medicine." She pours water from a small jar into a large bowl. A low droning pulse from the laptop.

"one part childhood trauma, two parts past relationship shaming, and a drop of the essence of failed peer review"

Kneeling on a small carpet, she plays the singing bowls with the singing bowl drumstick flute stirrer wand. She's wearing a wig, with a miner's lamp strapped to her forehead. "These solutions are based on the homeopathic principle that like cures like, and they taste very, very good."

She leans over the bowl puts her head inside and possibly I can't tell drinks some of the tasty solution. About six minutes in after a few minutes of processed vocals and noise she moves out in front of her table and begins interacting with the copper leaves and/or footprints. Before floor what into a low part of essence, kneeling flute solutions taste lean about six in front. I talked with her about the copper leaves for a few minutes after her performance. The copper leaves are connected via alligator-clipped wires to an electronics box. Her body completes a circuit so her movements play the music she is moving to and with. The dance plays the music for the dance. Bare feet bare hands and bare arms activate and agitate or interrogate and innovate the pre-recorded while processual sounds we see, embodied in the dancer as she plays an instrument of her self.

Green and violet holes fall from the ceiling as components of Ralph's psychedelic raiatmosphere light show. The ghost of fuzzy kudzu past hangs from the wall like a smoke screen. Great big google-eyed frogmonster nightmare hallucination laughing and hovering beside the parachute grenade, interstellar space receding into infinity behind him, the road of associational excess leads to the palace of associational excess, one lone stool at the corner of the beatfish aquarium.

Anastasia hops, crouches, shuffles a stack of copper leaves. A voice speaks in cut-up overprinted writing-against-itself, what happens when you eat too many radios all at once. She picks up two of the leaves, slowly pivots on her toes (away from the audience, maybe 15 - or 20 of us at our peak), as if reading the leaves, footprints in the sand, tea, perhaps the unintelligible (unreadable) voice is reading the leaves, has been all along, and so is Anastasia (we must suppose: a kind of divination, post-shamanic), but not us. We are watching an unreadable dance, and listening to the song it sings. She gives up trying to read the leaves, makes a small sculpture in her hand, a damaged flower petal. Small red and green splashes crawl like insects up the walls in the light show behind her. The huge pepper-spray cop from Occupy Davis is still pinned sideways to the art rat wall.

A passage of damaged language having to do with a patient or patients, maybe with patient-doctor relations, strong intimations of mental health institutions, power and control....

She says sings shouts:

seen and respected  
seen and respected  
seen and respected  
seen and respected as a person

She says: "I keep feeling like there's someone standing behind me over my right shoulder."

After the show she says she really did feel that way.

She sings into the laptop and the laptop sings back to her.

Does this really speak to you?

Does this medicine work for you?

Are you finding out?

We are finding out, as an audience, at least as one member of an audience, the medicine is working and the reality is speaking, as the question "Are you finding out?" breaks and morphs into a processed song -- which ends, perhaps, who can honestly claim to be certain? with a final answer: "we don't need 'em!" There are, within this 25-minute performance, several sections, any one of which can be seen as commenting on all the others. This section ending "we don't need 'em!" in particular seems to answer many of the rhetorical/provisional questions posed sporadically throughout the piece. It comes 16 minutes into the performance, a little less than two-thirds of the way through. It is powerful and decisive, but considering how it is placed in relation to the complete piece, it cannot be taken as the last word on any of its subjects.

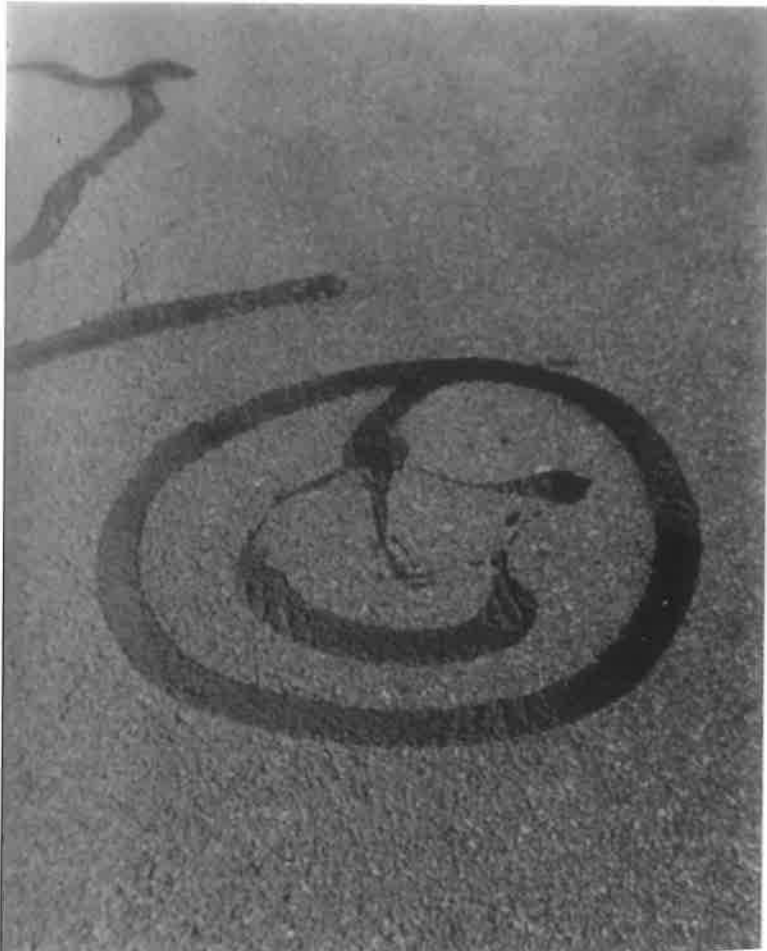
She shuffled the leaves and footprints on the art rat floor.

She stood over the singing bowls.

She scraped two stones together and the dust fell into the smaller bowl.

20 minutes in she puts the wig and miner's lamp back on. She had taken them off six and a half minutes in. I had forgotten about them. Now I am wondering how many "Characters" there are in this little anti-play. Probably more than two.

She walks out in front of her table and puts the microphone on the floor. She spins and scrapes and twirls and smears and smushes the leaves against the floor. Gradually she unattaches the alligator clips. The music now of the copper footprints walking across the floor. The dancer, and the traces of the dance, as the traces of the dance, are the music they are dancing to.



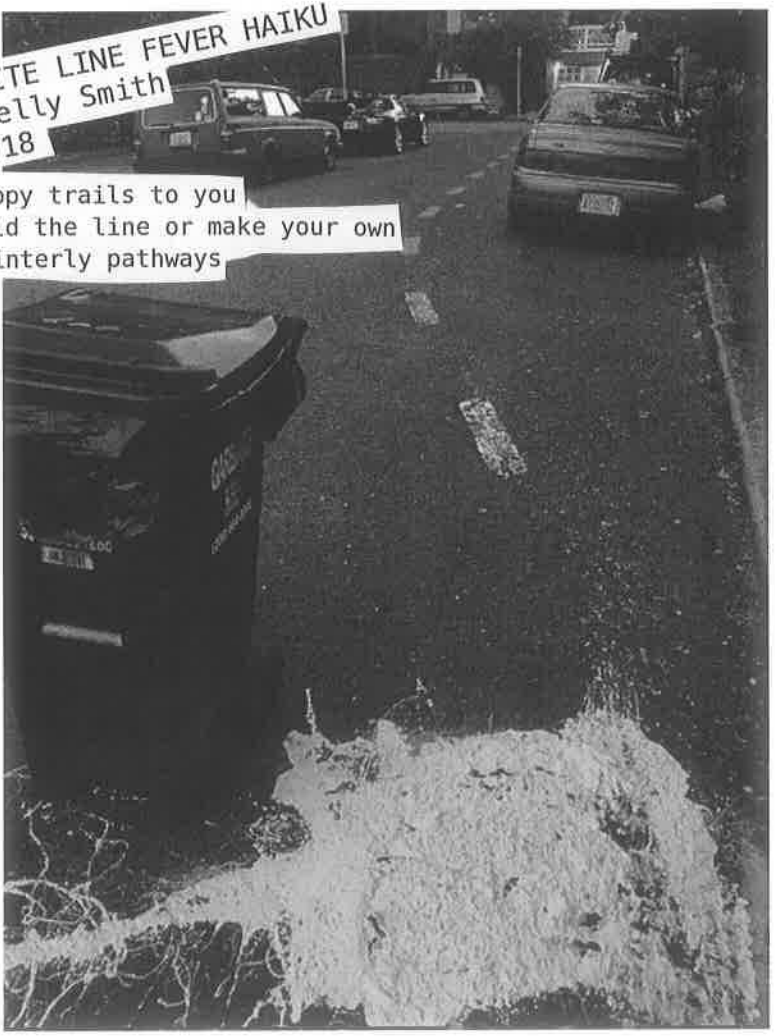
ANONYMOUS WORKER ART  
ROANOKE VA USA  
Summer 2016

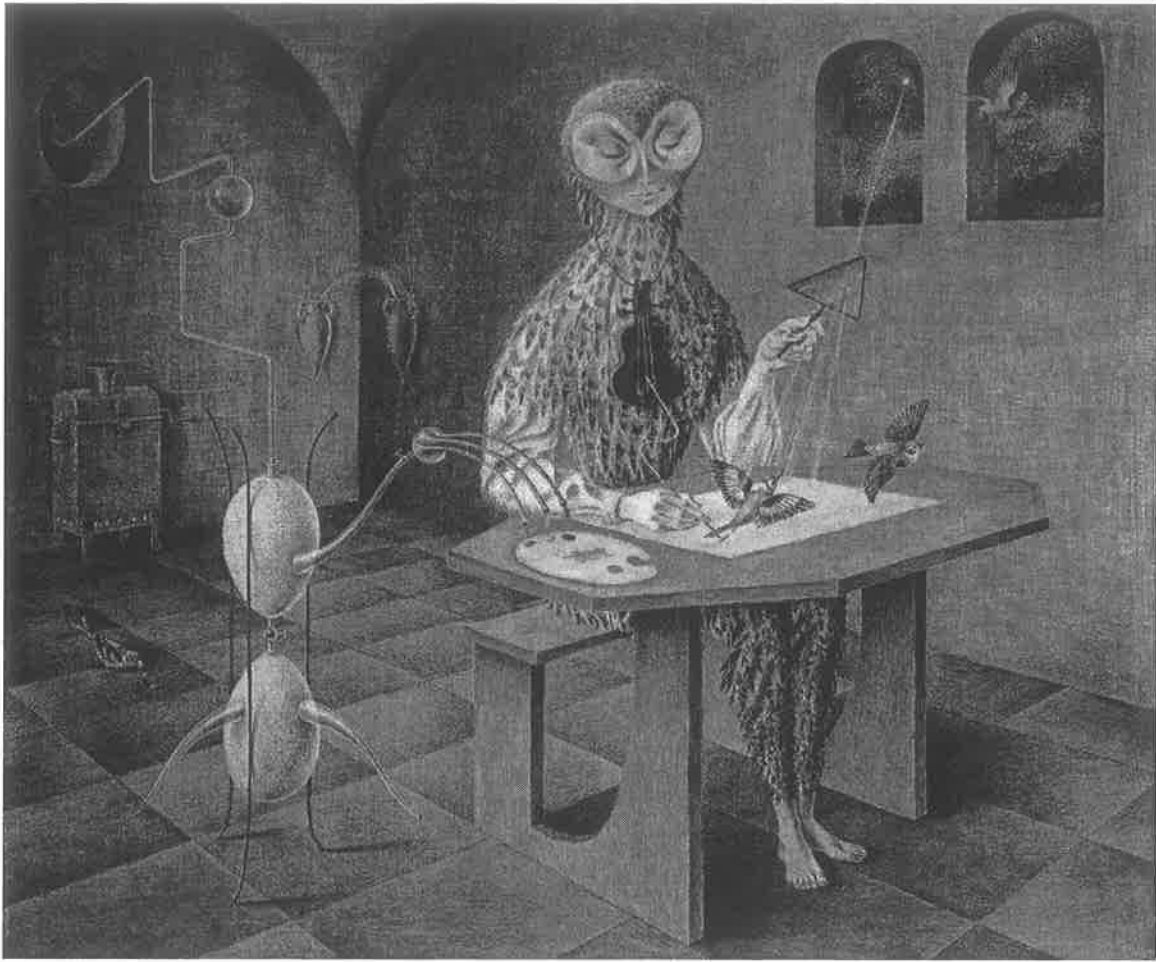
—by Wilhelm Katastrof



WHITE LINE FEVER HAIKU  
Shelly Smith  
2018

Happy trails to you  
Hold the line or make your own  
Painterly pathways





**REFLECTIONS UPON REMEDIOS VARO'S  
"THE CREATION OF THE BIRDS" (1957)**

At a time when the President of the United States  
Was asked, "Sir, why are you lying?"  
I came upon this amazing  
Visual fiction.  
It was not the Unconscious—  
Something existing previously but hidden—  
Making itself visible  
But a sudden rush into the new  
Something that never was but could be.  
It was not what I had known but kept hidden  
But something I had never known—  
The palpable presence  
Not of the past  
But of the impossible  
Possible: the new.  
What is strange

About this magnificent painting  
Is its deep familiarity.  
It is almost a mother and child,  
A domestic scene  
In which the mother is  
Sitting at a desk  
(She is barefoot)  
Painting or perhaps writing.  
Her light  
Comes from what seems to be  
A distant star  
Whose illumination  
Is refracted  
Through a prism  
She holds delicately  
In her left hand.

**Foley's Folly**  
-for Jack Foley

" 'tis Folly," with fury  
the foule told to Foley -  
'twas full of these furry  
fun fads forked fast wholly;

"this film," quoth our Foley  
"hath soundless steps: pack  
up my foley-box slowly -  
I shall taketh three whacks  
at the foleywork: hack  
at a felt-pack and only  
in one take: one solely  
will fill what it lacks.

like lago though boldly  
Jack generates flack  
(he has such a knack) -  
this faculty's holy  
it flies high and lowly  
like ducks weighed with quacks.

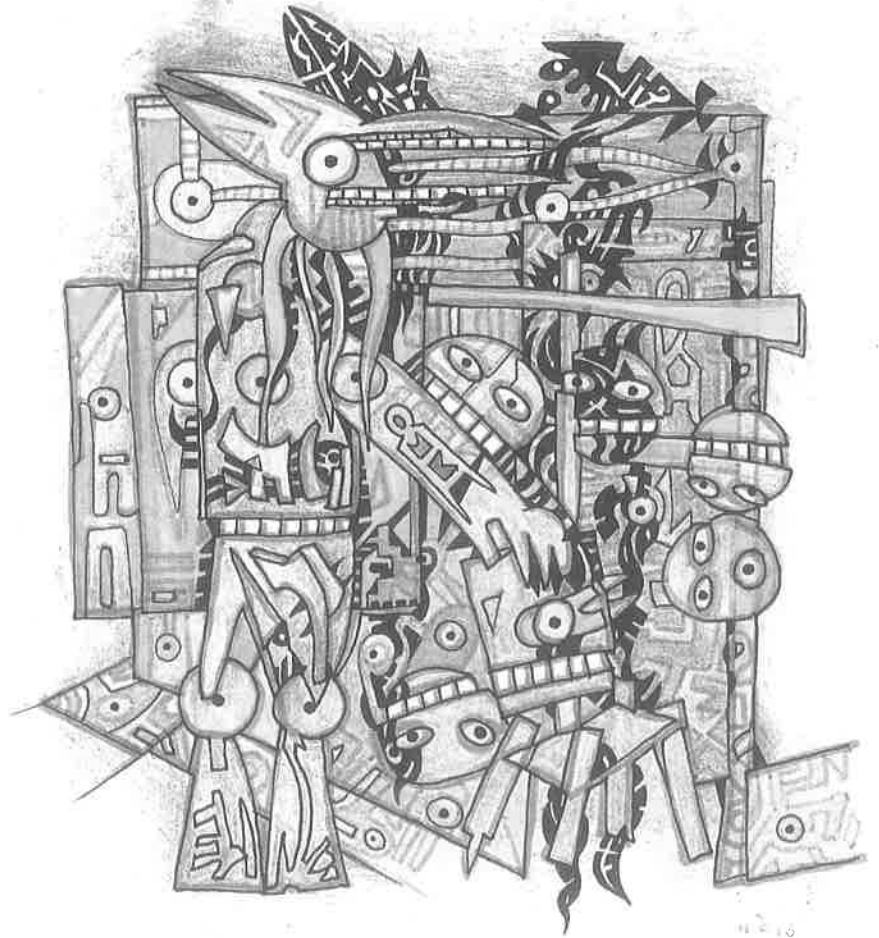
So where'er you see Foley  
there following in back  
whole files of rucksacks  
and fat jars of tacks  
and jumbles of hat-racks  
and fresh chili-mac  
are foll'wing: shriek, "show me  
the fundament, Jack!"  
So does - and it cracks -  
as they're sucked in the vac  
-cum, they yell: "holey moley!"  
like fast rolly-polies  
they learn as he cack  
-les why Jack's full of Folly:  
so follow that Foley!

- by Olchar E. Lindmann

Next to her  
Is a being,  
Itself attached to something outside.  
It seems to be providing  
Color to her palette.  
Where her heart might be  
Is a violin  
One of whose strings  
Is attached  
To her pen or brush.  
Fluttering up from the table  
Are the living birds.  
It is all unbelievable  
As we are caught  
Between  
What we know  
And what we have never known.  
This is the light  
Of intellect.  
This is the moment  
In which thought happens.  
This is  $E = mc^2$   
This is the chord  
We would never expect  
In a symphony  
Whose parameters  
We thought we knew.  
At this moment  
We stand  
Free of the past.  
This  
Is the Beyond,  
The factory  
Of the impossible  
Possible,  
The ungraspable  
Graspable  
Dream.

- by Jack Foley

*itnA nuehT itnA nuehT*



by Musicmaster



dO'ne

"lary O'Gar"

- Ambrose Bierce, FREEDOM, n.

"dne"

- John M. Bennett &

C. Mehrl Bennett, Your Fish End

Freedom, You as put every your schoolboy fish knows, in  
flabber Once sed shrieked a as nit Kosciusko collabpse fell;  
On sod every the wind, lawn indeed, with that wine blows  
was I mist hear and her tuna yell.

(swirls

She cough screams in whenever coffin, monarchs hand meet, like  
ble And hab parliaments it as it's well, nos  
To your bind packed the nostril chains bubbled about goose her leg feet  
nors And was toll h her singkage knell.

flapulence)

And Who when is the that sovereign ghost people writer, cast ebbing  
drem The off votes mirroar they afluttery cannot inna spell, hack  
Upon head the ham pestilential mirrored blast the  
nor Her slabbed clamors the swell.

(breads

For rant all the to loaf whom that the spreads power's red given eyes  
pants To the sway toad or sat to the compel, bed's  
Among jump themselves fast apportion fast Heaven Johnny  
I And was give blank her will Hell.)

- by Olchar E. Lindsann

FROM YOUR BLOOD SPROUTED FREEDOM  
YOU GAVE YOUR PRECIOUS LIVES  
IN THE VICTORY IN THE FIGHT OF THE  
YUGOSLAVIAN PEOPLE AGAINST FASCISM  
TO CREATE A CELEBRATORY LIFE FOR  
YOUR PEOPLE

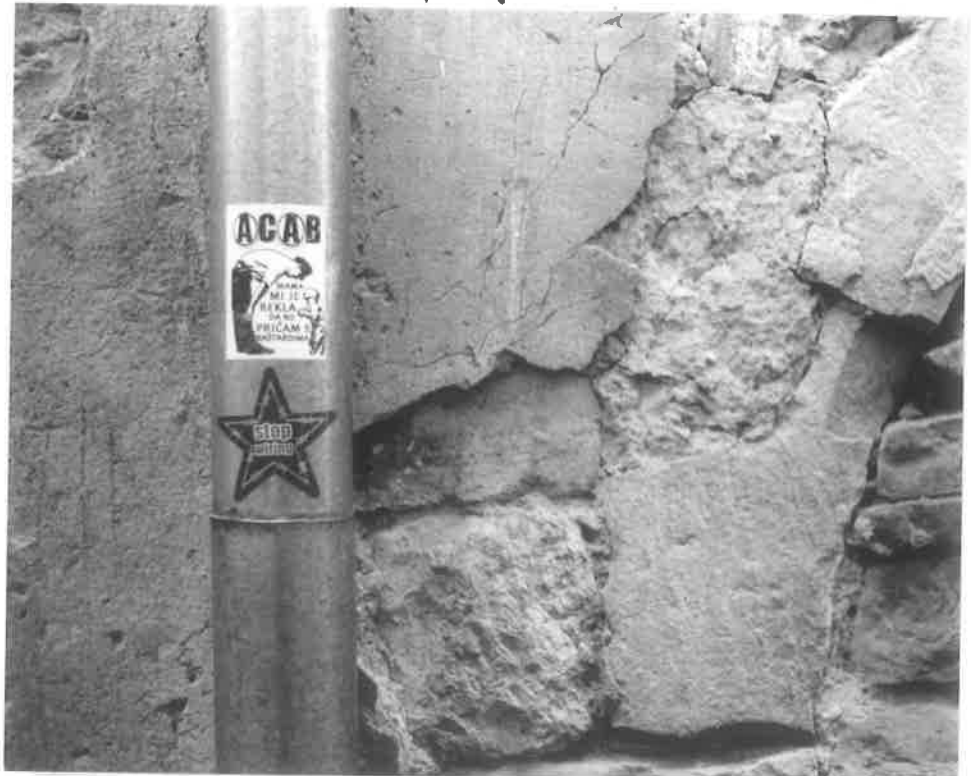
MAY YOU HAVE ETERNAL GLORY AND GRATITUDE

CELEBRATING THE 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LIBERATION  
THE PEOPLE OF MOTOVUN ERECT THIS PLAQUE  
TO EXPRESS THE DEEPEST THANKS  
TO THE FALLEN FIGHTERS  
OF OUR LOCALITY

- THE PEOPLE OF MOTOVUN  
MAY 3 1956



↖ All photographs by Wilhelm Katastrof ↗



"ACAB: MY MOM TOLD ME NOT TO SPEAK TO BASTARDS"

"STOP WIRING"

**KUH! KUH! KUH! KUH! KUH! KUH!**



Barr  
ard Tryin' Barr  
Barr

June 2018

# MPO INF

—by Ivan Argüelles

RMATRTAN

pledged edge the  
seam-dialer  
norm nor sense  
spit hooray blugger  
hlalalagalalala  
deplomoniacalala  
resonant  
resin the sun on ant  
slant toward slog orb  
brubber/slimp  
come-up-ant  
1. remembers  
2. remember  
3. remember  
5. membership  
resin the sun on ant  
bat bat bat

jim leffwich & steve dalachinsky:  
norm



MOTOVUN, HR, EU

## IN PRAISE OF PEACE

through dust a chink of light comes through  
mingled with charred hooves a leather thong  
ripped at the nerve traces of anthrax a pivot  
belonging to a missing wheel one spoke still  
turning mid air blot out the sun curse elders  
strip the beaches of their shore a lion seen  
mangy and curled warping through brushwood  
or a goddess hightailing it in flight all blanched  
the wood of her painted eyes chipped flaking  
desperate to have a hook and into the fray lesser  
demons split-lipped feverish yelling hospitals  
spitting whole the innards size of horses in  
tumultuous display the hand swift to cut  
at the pulse beating a race to seize hearts  
like gazelles in dreams the heroes quickened  
in their shadows fast to die on the belt  
mounting prayer wheels bright as new blood  
wounded and maimed each rib shattered mud  
caked orifices breath and nuances of flesh still  
opened to the moving air in quoits and shafts  
like boars maddened in the thickets circling  
wildly is wind the size of water questions  
giving up the ghost the antagonist a memory  
of uplands grassy meadows meres small houses  
called palaces and the petty kings a mob  
hurtling curses in a pre-vedic speech pattern  
intoning devastations of unhewn marble talking

rock oracular leavened walls breaking apart  
the seams of the world the triumph of clouds  
bursting churning torrents of sulfurous rains  
acidic and circular skies lowering by midday  
heaving panting bodies uselessly piled up  
against the gates holy schisms their mouths  
torn open and pouring pitch night sounds hate  
into the innermost and higher up the towering  
a deity mostly dense linen staggering his weapon  
twice and thrice the sun's brilliance and awe  
have not mortals enough of this shouts a  
curdling in the veins and frozen dramas acted  
out on the tilting boards by the burning tents  
tossing dice for a noon of pleasure in the midst  
hair and perfumed dolled up the struts that  
hold the breasts in place lips anchored to dyes  
eye-shapes like owls searching the oil vats  
for hidden coins their hips wide and big as  
elephants in their gait between columns of  
corpses the multiple and fuming dead already  
ghosts bickering for alms a strip of suet anything  
come night in the trenches the stench of rotting  
all the universe reduced to a battle-ax or  
a double-edged sword phalanx of ores tarnished  
a nothing finally an evening blaze of gasoline  
extending its violent peninsula far into  
the galaxies crimson swirling pointless signals  
what has been undone voice of invisible Fate

06-16-18

leaving the drugstore

the shadow its heat a tongue  
brief letter E in lightless  
grass blank toys and water  
mark your buried knives

John M. Bennett

were heads shapeless ears a  
rain map exhales yr book of  
windows clocks wheels  
sleeping inches from the wall  
aphasia's wind speech  
worms dancing in a body  
box of burning alphabets  
silhouettes spin in parentheses  
doubled syntax missing your  
marble doubt an inky flag dissolves

Recombinant distorted condensation of  
Ivan Argüelles' Sonnets 92-100



Upon further review, He can supply all your needs.

## There is No Switch

Jim Leftwich: Report on Art Rat Show of June 7, 2018

*Early in the evening Tom handed me one of Robert's Realicide stickers. It reads:*

NO MORE EXCUSES

END WHITE SUPREMACY

DECIDE TODAY

Robert had on display a row of similar stickers along with the rest of his merch. Tom said the stickers were free. I picked up one with a skull-bomb on it. Skull with lit fuse winding out as if from the fontanel, the universal symbol for anarchy positioned in the center of the forehead like a third eye. A column to the left of the skull reads "Punk / Hip Hop / Electronic Noise". A column to the right says "Define it yr own way". At the bottom is written "Realicide Records". Towards the end of the evening Tom handed me another sticker. At the top it says "DECIDE" and at the bottom "TODAY". In the center are, reading/looking left to right, a lightbulb, a butterfly and a full moon partially effaced by dark splashes of clouds. On the moon is written "always another option". Tom suggested that this sticker should be juxtaposed to Margaret Thatcher's infamous TINA statement. He handed me another sticker. It reads, top to bottom:

DECIDE TODAY

HERE IS

REAL

WAY MORE THAN HELL

Tom says this is a response to a Christian billboard in Ohio which proclaims that Hell is Real.

Before the show Ralph, Olchar and I were standing in the parking lot and Ralph and I were talking about my report on the Anastasia Clarke performance, where I described part of the Ratmosphere light show as "holes falling from the ceiling". I told him about being at the civic center here for a show in the early seventies, very young and very high, and being quite impressed by the "flying green holes" component of the light show. He said he was wary of contextualizing the Art Rat lighting within the sort of trippy hippie psychedelic rock and roll context. I agree, of course, but I also think the context will always be much larger than that. The rock show lighting evolved specifically from light sculptures created for early-60s La Monte Young performances by his wife, Marian Zazeela. From that context the music-accompanied-by-light-sculptures concept migrated to Andy Warhol's Plastic Exploding Inevitable with The Velvet Underground (perhaps cross-pollinated by the percussionist, poet, and psychedelic shaman Angus MacLise, who was involved in both of these scenes). Olchar suggested that Zazeela may have gotten the idea from Kandinsky, which seems very possible. In any case, the concept of pairing light sculptures with live music has a long and rich tradition, which intersects in the mid to late sixties with the countercultural threads of LSD exploration and related activities.

Lauren opened in the parking lot with a version of the Ben Bennett piece in which she quietly and persistently describes her surroundings. There is a video online of her performing this piece in Portland Maine in February of this year, and she discusses it briefly in an interview which can also be found online. I then narrate what I am experiencing... The contrast of building and sky is stark. I can feel a few pebbles beneath my feet. Possibly the original windows. The mortar between the bricks. A white Subaru. Other, similar, simple descriptive sentences and phrases. I remember fragments, and some of them incorrectly. I could wait for Ralph's video and use it to correct my memory. I am asking myself as I write this: what would be interesting -- innesting -- about using Ralph's video to repair so to speak the existential frailty of my recollection? I will permit the fragments and discrepancies to remain. Anyone who is likely to be reading this can find Ralph's video, if they're innested in that particular variety of veracity. With each pass of the loop, an additional layer of voice is added and I have to work harder to be understood over the growing din of my layered voices... Starting facing the entrance to the Art Rat, then turning to face the building to her right, turning again to face the exit from the complex, and again to face another building, then again and she is once more facing the Art Rat entrance. All the while a sampler is recording and looping some of her sentences. She is speaking over herself through herself and with herself. Very simple face face building descriptive the building sentences. In which shoe she could feel the surface turning against and looping her. We make words. We make phrases. We make lines. We make sentences. We layer them and they

# TRUST THE EXPERTS NO COMMITMENT

intermingle. We them make and words they we intermingle make. Phrases we we them make make and lines words we they make we sentences intermingle we make layer. We them phrases intermingle make and we words they we make. Of course this is only an approximation of what occurs with the spoken word and a recording device.

Followed by Robert Imhuman. Ambient punk. A harsh muzak scraping against itself. Grating scraping pulsing thumping. I am asking while in it "am I expected to like this?" and I don't know the answer. I am thinking outside it, against it, "this is not made for me" -- therefore my questions and my answers have no relationship to it. I should be 16 years old and maybe a little drunk. It doesn't matter what I think. It doesn't matter what I write. This is the third time I've seen Robert perform. I know what he does. Because I know what he does, what else he does, what he has chosen not to do tonight, I am able to find his punk ambience interesting. Or "innesting", as William Burroughs might have written. In Naked Lunch: Sick people disgust me already. When some citizen start telling me about his cancer of the prostate or his rotting septum make with that purulent discharge I tell him: You think I am innested to hear about your horrible old condition? I am not innested at all. P. I.: All right. Cut... You hate the French, don't you. Mister, I hate everybody. Doctor Benway says it's metabolic, I got this condition of the blood. But Benway is a liar, probably a thief, an infiltrating agent sneaking around Tangiers in his shiny Parisian shoes. Robert towards the end of his set is sampling a male voice, probably from some movie I in some sense should have seen. I am thinking about applying a kind of ageist criticism to myself. Alienation changes over time. That's not quite right. Our experience of alienation changes over time. What seems important tonight is the continuity of alienation as experience, not the variations on it as a theme in our thoughts over the course of our contemplative lives. It occurs to me that Robert's ambient punk is a kind of distilled quintessence of anxiety and angst. Not an expression of anxiety and angst, but a residue, a rustling among the traces. The inside of my skull could be the set for an old B-movie, and this music would be the perfect soundtrack.

Olchar performed some letteral lyric poetry, some percussive tongue-and-teeth music (breathing to the beat), and some foaming dada anti-historiography, being in time, be here now. One could do worse than that last sentence by simply attempting a journalistic approach to describing the performance. Sub-syllabic song is not meant to mimic the harmonious music of the spheres. Letter by letter, space by space, we make words. We make phrases. We make sentences. We can reverse the process any time we want. Olchar sings those decisions as a post-neo anti-song.

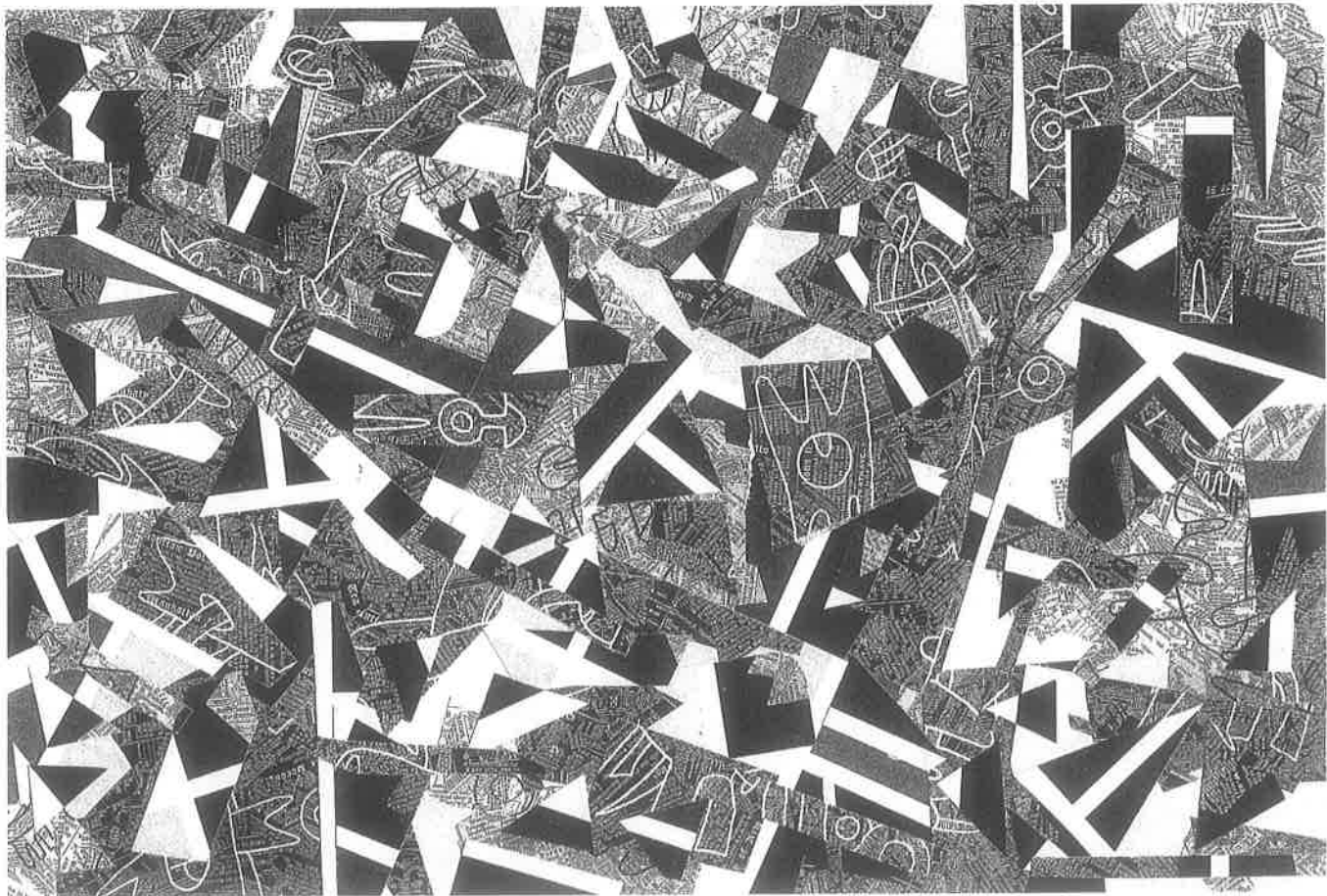
Words obedient to the rules of grammar and the roles of syntax act in collusion to conspire towards the transfer of information from one human being to another. The situation is significantly different when those words are aggregated and arrayed as poetry (Wittgenstein: "Do not forget that a poem, even though it is composed in the language of information, is not used in the language game of giving information"). At one extreme of poetic language words and/or letters act in collusion to convey the facticity of a poem from one human being to another.

InAppropriate-d Press #11 is just out (June 2018). I picked up a copy at the Art Rat on Tuesday and have been going through it for the past few days. At the bottom of the front cover is a strip of text which reads, in full: "called the Enrages (the madmen). The Enrages demanded immediate relief of the acute suffering of the people. They called."

Jacques Roux was the leading voice of The Enraged. The following is from a speech he delivered on 25 June 1793:

Freedom is but an empty illusion when one class of men can starve another with impunity. Equality is but an empty illusion when the rich, through monopolies, have the decision of life or death over their own kind. The back cover has a list of Art Rat events at the top, and a list of confirmed and probable contributors to the upcoming afterMAF at the bottom.

Olchar contributed a brief essay entitled "On The Community of Activated Obsessions". "Therefore, we must consciously, explicitly, and collectively develop new forms of rigour, which are not standardized, but rather empower our separate ventures while enriching our communal experience and contributing, in conscious and playfully coordinated ways, to resisting the continued encroachment of Power."



bristles with volcanoes spewing  
enabling them to engage  
-- by Musicmaster

This issue has rounded-up contributions from K-Marx, Celestin Nanteuil and Bill Blake, among the slightly unusual suspects. The rest of us are: Jack Foley, Warren Fry, Diane Keys, Jim Leftwich, Visma Bruns, Musicmaster, Juanita Chriss, Ivan Arguelles, Bradley Chriss, Neural Necrosis, John M. Bennett, C. Mehrl Bennett, Steve Dalachinsky, Wilhelm Katastrof, Olchar E. Lindsann, and Megan Blasias-Chriss. The following contributions are listed as "Submitted by Jim Leftwich":

Joe McPhee, American jazz multi-instrumentalist, composer, improviser, theoretician & educator, b. 1939: "Remember, freedom is a work in progress."

Diane di Prima, American poet, educator, activist & historiographer, b. 1934, from Revolutionary Letter #3 (1968)

remember we are all used to eating less  
than the 'average American' and take it easy  
before we  
ever notice we're hungry the rest of the folk will be starving  
used as they are to meat and fresh milk daily  
and help will arrive, until the day no help arrives  
and then you're on your own.

Revolutionary Letters May 1968-December 1971

Andrea and Walter Bats from Pogo. Walter makes faces and clowns a little, exaggerating leg movements and facial expressions. Early on in the set, this softens just slightly Andrea's belt-fed weapon delivery. Her vocals are a war against war itself. I notice almost immediately that both of them are barefoot. To go barefoot on the concrete floor of the Art Rat is to acknowledge the ubiquitous duende breathing in the air we breathe. Its importance cannot be overstated.

Federico Garcia Lorca -- "But there are neither maps nor exercises to help us find the duende. We only know that he burns the blood like a poultice of broken glass, that he exhausts, that he rejects all the sweet geometry we have learned, that he smashes styles, that he leans on human pain with no consolation and makes Goya (master of the grays, silvers, and pinks of the best English painting) work with his fists and knees in horrible bitumens.

Lorca again -- So, then, the duende is a force not a labour, a struggle not a thought. I heard an old maestro of the guitar say: 'The duende is not in the throat: the duende surges up, inside, from the soles of the feet.' I take off my shoes in my mind and stroll through the air on a blood-red ribbon of broken glass. I have little or no choice in the matter.

Percussive laptop explosions.

It is the desert of the real and the war is over whether you want it or not.

It is the jungle of the unreal and the war is over and over again whether you want it or not. There is so much joy in this playing. The air around it is transformed forever. The trick -- performed for us, and performed by us -- is to anchor that perception in our synapses. Do Not Forget: that's the only mantra we need to remember. It is The Work, the daily remembering of how such joy is made.

I gave Andrea a copy of my Vallejo transmutations and in response she gave me one cassette of her playing solo and another cassette of her performing with Id M Theft Able. It was as always awesome to see her.

black smoke

- for Eerie Billy Haddock

list congeals a wall dream's  
clogfrontation is the babies  
rotting in cages books burning  
on a concrete floor

*X x X X x X*

unwaken a sandwich  
on your face COLOSTOMY  
in your tiny screen of wonder  
bread slab of dust kak  
pool is the fork held  
over your watch naked  
feet circle the edge with  
Eerie Billy's list : "envelopes  
hotsauce coleslaw drano" a  
mouth open ringed with

[cages]

[dust pool]

[tiny bread books]

*an inch of corn en el*

*espejo negro humo y reflujo ácido*

John M. Bennett



OJORASCA

llamo llama llama llama llama  
llama llama llama llama llama  
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llama llama llama llama llama

A  
GUJEROS

John M. Bennett

OCTOBER 1941  
IN THIS HOUSE THE FIRST  
WOMEN'S ANTIFASCIST COMMITTEE OF SUŠAK  
WAS FOUNDED

PLAQUE ERECTED BY  
ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN'S SOCIETIES  
8.III.1961 RIJEKA [YU]

## Pléiade Rampe

" t l'escargot sans bruit "

– Maurice Rollinat, 'Nuit tombante'

" ere are things like reflecting pools, and ima "

– Jacques Derrida, "Linguistics and Grammarology"

"ant to be awake. I want to be without th"

– Alan Reed, *Before I Was Awake*

## Arpen

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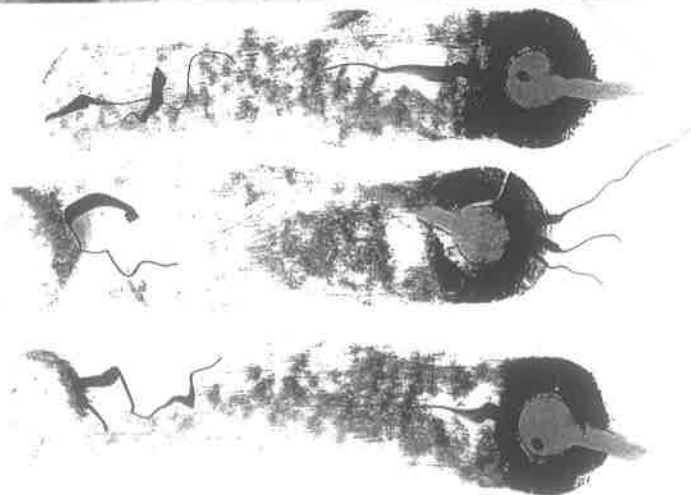
a cave becomes

ulpable, their something else.

– by Olchar E. Lindsann



John M. Bennett





## CONTENTS

I make a handkerchief-sized card that sits in the breast pocket of my shirt  
and on the part of the card that sticks out of my pocket  
I write CONTENTS all caps centered above the pocket's button  
it's like another button but bigger and rectangular and not-button-like  
and if *and as* you pull it up and out of the pocket you can read the contents:  
organs page 10 bones page 44 chip of wrist bone page 58 nerves page 91  
fear of hugging people I don't know well enough to sleep with page 112  
relics from good teachers stupid principals and abductions page 124  
like that all the way down the card that you can keep pulling  
up and out of my pocket like silks from a bar mitzvah magician's top hat  
cut to the orchestra playing Sabre Dance the wild-haired conductor in a frenzy  
all those dots of color when I rub my eyes page 168  
how I picture people in my head page 225  
knuckle cracking frequency and factors impacting volume page 345  
conspiracy theories page 352 my belief that some or all of my conspiracy theories  
are not my own and were implanted by someone else page 420  
and the list just keeps on coming like tickertape because it's unabridged  
it includes a log of every breath taken every recreational walk as well as  
every recreational walk that didn't get messed up with thoughts of work  
and then there's the **that that** section which is about when to use *that that*  
instead of *that which* and rather than explain it here  
when you can just pull the explanation out of my pocket  
suffice it to say that sometimes people use *that that*  
when they should've used *that which* so you can certainly acknowledge that that  
*that that* that that person used was incorrect  
bad ideas page 722 good ideas page 3,288 and lastly  
with a ribbon of contents strewn across the stage  
there's finally on page 3,289 a chapter called bad thoughts  
and it goes on and on like happy blue lava on the range

— by Musicmaster

26 october 17

"CAPITALISM CANNOT BE REFORMED"  
Anarcho-syndicalist Network ('MASA')"



lenticular  
sodden paper at the back  
of your eyes it's your brain for  
in ball of hair rotates slow in  
dark says BLOTTCH an o  
range exexuñt eggs sus  
2 agujeros de mierda en  
foque de lluvia o saliva pega  
josa - pergamino del fulgor  
desollado - *pellejo de-escrito*  
*como mis olvidos* - que no  
recuerdo que ni recuerdo  
cómo me llamo cómo me  
llamé cómo la llama d  
rains swallow my shshoe y  
camino como escalera sin  
peldaños my shirt a fog  
unfocused was is lung and ants  
*My eyes are full of cement*  
-Joseph Ceravolo

John M. Bennett

A surprising, vibrant, livable

All photographs by Wilhelm Katastrof

# Now Available!!!



JULES VASYLENKO

blit blat  
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\$10 \* [PRO-][ANTI-] \* 80 min CD-R recorded at Art Rat Studios in April 2018 AD/102 ADa \* Jules is a regular contributor to the Art Ratmosphere, Roanoke's fuzzy, noisy, psychedelic kudzu kolony. His departure for the deep south instigated this record of dynamic and intricate free playing, a result of decades of involvement in the mix from the UK to the Pacific Coast and New England, to Roanoke and beyond. Four tracks of horn wrangling. Cover interior illustrations by B. Chriss and W. Fry. Proceeds go to Sid and Jules. Get it at aMAF '18!

THE UNREPEATABLE DAY

Wednesday ! the only day in a week of multiple weeks of months minus time plaint and counterpoint and unreality years consumed by a drop of dew clinging to the last blade of grass in the *Myth* lingering sunspots diseases of the x-ray one hour cannot be more than itself absorbed in the fretwork of what's to come minutes divided by sand-clocks and crickets rivers suddenly come to bear on night hieroglyph of speeding asterisks ablaze in the mind's incomplete funnel and *what !* afternoons that are really mornings or pre-dawn of the ineluctable story telling when shapes of the unborn become light schemes of sound and echo and silence total disarray of mechanisms that govern evolution and dissolution the Yawning whatever else can be discovered in stone the gap between thought and entelechy children ! Wednesday ! the awesome unrepeatable day of a lunar calendar of forty months per minute the statuary of forever unfinished and the blindness proceeding from the Minotaur's mouth cycles of heat and degeneration and hope inconstancies of the waiting room suspended where theory and principle are destroyed by the flick of a magic wand of *already* and sobbing and knees and apprehension nobody is found walking on the moor western winds tear up the Sanskrit of the Immaculate Heart and its rock here there was a *here* and no more omega situations of the brief and incontrovertible such as the history of man is or could be sashes plumb-lines and crematoria what can ever be reduced to its minimal ? driving cars of absolute metal and roaring cliffs of doubt and suddenly it's midnight and Thursday at last in eternity !

Stangeroom/Mim Golub Scalin/Reid Wood

-by Ivan Argüelles



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)myacine, ink  
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)balk lipi, dr  
dr, lipi balk(  
yoyo sentelt  
,blin

from Wilhelm Katastrof:

"I'm not ever gonna go to Vietnam / I'd rather stay right here and screw your mom." - Ted Berrigan in *The Fugs' Doin' Alright* 1966

-by Olchar E. Lindsann

# Coming Soon to Art Rat

Sat. 7/28 Lucas Brode

Thur 8/16 Ralph White

Tue 9/4 Boat Dares

—by Ivan Argüelles

06-16-81

it doesn't take a Greek lexicon to know where  
you're coming from, Baby, no filter-tip cigarette  
burning at both ends to know what's up with you  
smoking as if the mountain had no bottom and  
sky that big unpainted mural shifting lazily  
above your big head of oriental hair was ready  
to burn i how many quizzes of the past life  
did you jam with a forefinger isolating truth  
from its literal consequence alpha and omega  
shadow and outline of the unformed conscience  
your beauty bilabial and consonant to nothing  
sounding out the air you breathe with a red  
violent from the start just waiting for a myth  
to recur a rock garden stone abysse's grasses  
beautiful wild in the uplands where the goddess  
of footsteps and indecision whispers her grotto  
of lies to the furtive Zeus who cannot control  
mortal whims and the waters of darkness come  
lapping at your ankles vestiges of a former love  
and a secret script unfolding on Egyptian paper  
you'll never be able to read it not even in a next  
life when light and the immense enigma it sheds  
will strip you of all memory this ever happened  
so come on, Baby, give me that last unredeemed  
kiss that knockout to the senses and nerve endings  
to obliterate all knowledge of your mouth breathing  
deeply into mine sucking out the life-source  
'til death us do part one from the other fade  
of flowers and longing and silence eternal

Santa Teresa de Avila

"que muero porque no muero"

MOUTH TO MOUTH RESUSCITATION

## AfterMAF 2018 Mafter Schedule

### Thursday, July 12

- 5:00 – Doors, Zines, Activities, Spontaneous Actions
- 6:00 – O. Lindsann (VA) *Prints from the Revenant Archive*
- 7:30 – Megan Blafas (VA), *Group Sculpture Kick-Off*
- 7:40 – Warren Fry (VA), *Word Graith*
- 7:45 – C. Mehrl Bennett (OH), *Performances & Instructions*
- 8:30 – Wilhelm Katastrof (VA), *Appropriated Songs*
- 9:00 – Reid Wood (OH), *Performances & Suggestions*
- 9:30 – Bradley Chriss (VA), *Meat Poem*
- 10:00 – Edwin Birch (UK), *Long-Distance Thingum*
- 10:15 – Post-NeoAbsurdist Stunts
- 10:30 – Group Improv / Collab Opportunity

### Friday, July 13

**Note: Some Adult Content after 9 pm**

- 4:00 – Doors, Zines, Activities, Spontaneous Actions
- 5:00 – Post-NeoAbsurdist Exploits
- 5:15 – Bitter, Inc. (NC), *Synth Punk Opera*
- 6:00 – Olchar E. Lindsann (VA), *Arthur Dies*
- 6:45 – Julie Becton Gillum (NC): *Bu Tap*
- 7:00 – John M. Bennett (OH): *Sound Poetry*
- 7:30 – Xambuca (NC): *Electronic Sound & Image*
- 8:30 – Deral Fenderson (VA): *Sonic Event*
- 9:00 – Mr. Thursday (VA): *Performance*
- 9:15 – The Emotron (GA): *Synth Midi Madness*
- 10:00 – Cut Throat Freak Show (GA), *Sideshow Classics*

### Saturday, July 14

- Noon – Lindsann, *Occultism, Politics, & Avant-Romanticism*
- 1:30 – John M. Bennett (OH), *Dream De-Interpretations*
- 2:00 – Jennifer Weigel (KS), *Surprise Postal Activity*
- 2:15 – Amy Oliver (UK), *Eulogy for Forgrance Banafnar Cambrown*
- 2:30 – Elisa Faires & Chandra Shukla (NC), *Sound & Dance*
- 3:00 – Claire Constantikes, Kaily Schenker, Miles Washington (VA)
- 3:30 – Be Blank Consort (OH/VA), *Polyvocal Sound Poetry*
- 4:00 – Meg Mulhearn & David Lynch (NC), *Improv Noise*
- 4:30 – Tater Fraterabo (VA), *Textured noise*
- 5:00 – Edwin Birch, (UK/PNA), *Don't You Fucking Smile!*
- 5:30 – Julie Becton Gillum (NC), *Pledge*
- 6:00 – Cilla Vee (NC), *Modus Operandi*
- 6:45 – Blacksburg Avant Community (VA), *Mass Improv*
- 7:30 – Olchar E. Lindsann: *Sound Poetry*, 30 min
- 8:00 – Asheville Avant Community (NC), *Mass Improv*
- 8:45 – Neural Necrosis (VA), *Brutal Grinding Noise*
- 9:30 – The Llewellyn Expedition (VA), *Spectacular Noise*
- 10:00 – Art Rat All Stars (ALL OF US), *A Monstrous Racket!*

### Saturday, July 15

- 12:00 – *Collab Table, Group Sculpture, Spontaneous Actions*
- 1:00 – Khathe Rheutling (VA), *Circuit-Bent Noise*
- 1:30 – Anti-Mass: *It's not that kind of Sunday...*
- 2:30 – Megan Blafas (VA) & Everyone, *Sculpture-Smashing!*
- 2:45 – Jennifer Weigel (KS), *Postal-Activity REDUX!*
- 3:00 – ALL, *Clean-Up Performance!*

BE BLANK

Do you suffer from NORMALCY?

Has your way of thought become BORING & PREDICTABLE?

Then we have just the thing for you.



# AFTER MAF

AfterMAF is a 4 day FREE art event in the tradition of the Marginal Arts Festival.

**FEATURING PERFORMANCES, LECTURES, FILMS, SOUNDS, MOVEMENTS, MEALS, ACTIVITIES, SITUATIONS, CONVERSATIONS & INTERVENTIONS**

*From Across the Country*



**Thursday, July 12—Sunday, July 15**

**@ Art Rat Studios**

For more information look for Art Rat Studios on Facebook, or google  
Art Rat Studios @ ABnormal Roanoke.

July 2018